

"NINETY-EIGHT"

OR, THE

9733

REPEALER'S HORN-BOOK

—BY—

✓
CROHOORE-NA-BILLHOOK.

PRICE, 25 CENTS.

"Ninety-Eight"

OR THE

Repealer's Horn-Book,

A POEM

OF

REAL IRISH MANUFACTURE,

BY

"CROHOORE NA BILLHOOK,"

OF CROAKER'S HILL.

THE MEANS BY WHICH OLD NICK, BILLY PITT HIS
PRIME MINISTER, AND LORD CASTLEREAGH,
HIS IRISH CHIEF SECRETARY, CARRIED
THE HELL-FIRE UNION.

"On *our* side is virtue and Erin,
On *theirs* is the Saxon and guilt."

TOM MOORE. IGTCN.

BOSTON:

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PREFACE.

There is no nation in the world, small or large, whose history for the last seven centuries, is so replete with deeds of rapine and slaughter committed by an alien government, as that of the Irish nation. Almost every generation there, saw innocent human beings butchered in their gore, by the minions of the English government, and done in the name of law. The same dark deeds would have been witnessed to-day, among the Irish people only for the English government fearing public condemnation, because every thing that transpires now, is carried immediately to the most remote quarters of the globe, either through electric wires, or on the wings of the press.

The most gory of those atrocities perpetrated within the last century, in Ireland, is that of 1798, of which the following Poem contains a full picture. This poem was published in book form in Dublin in 1841, and it pictured those deeds of '98, so fully, and lashed the tools of the English government in Ireland, so severely, that on its first appearance, the little book was seized and confiscated, and it was sure "transportation" for any Irishman in whose house a copy thereof would be found afterwards; and if "poor Crohoore," the author were known, he would *pay* for all.

b.

It is said that Crohoore na Billhook, the author, was a noted Irish gentleman, who flourished in the time of the Repeal agitation in Ireland, and this book being titled the Repealer's Horn-Book, it was dedicated to Daniel O'Connell, the great agitator for the Repeal of the Union in those days.

Crohoore in his Horn-Book, refers to the Irish Nation, under Grattan's Parliament, as marching rapidly on the path of prosperity, until noticed by the jealous eye of Johnny Bull, who employed Pitt and Castlereagh, to bring about the Union in 1800; and states that the troubles of '98 were fomented by the English government, in order that they could the more easily rob Ireland of her native Parliament, and pass the "Act of Union." He represents those two government officials, Pitt and Castlereagh, as having formed an alliance with old "Nick," so as to accomplish their object, and as having descended, after death, into the infernal regions, where they met their old ally, Nick, who procured for them the *best* accommodation he had, and after a course of *flogging* at his hands, appointed Pitt his Prime Minister, and Castlereagh his Secretary of State.

The number of copies of the Repealer's Horn-Book, which escaped the devastating hands of the English government, in Ireland, was but very few, so that, in reality, this American edition may be considered the first regular publication of the work. It is somewhat in the same strain as the "Hudibras," except that, in the Horn-Book, the

c.

author is more personal ; and as it fully describes the atrocities of the soldiery in Ireland, in '98, and the hellish plottings of Pitt, Castlereagh, and their satellites, to rob the Irish nation of its native Parliament, should be in the hands, not only of every individual of the Irish race, but also, all lovers of justice, in order to be able to form any correct estimate of the misgovernment of Ireland, under English misrule.

DEDICATION

TO

DAN O'CONNELL, Esq., M. P.

DEAR DAN, to you with love, I look,
And dedicate this Horn-Book ;
And, though its trifling, to be sure,
Accept it, still, from poor CROHOOR.

Its object is to shew, in verse,
The Union is the D—l's curse,
And that old *Grana's* commonweal
Can be advanc'd but by Repeal.

Dear Dan, as nothing can provoke
Great villains more than spicy joke ;
And as the magic of the Muse
Alone can give the Deels their dues,
The late REPORTS, made to the nation
By your APPEAL ASSOCIATION,
I, here, will merrily, rehearse,
In short, sweet Hudibrastic verse
And, though *Crohoor* is but an Ass.
To *Butler* or his *Hudibras*,
He, still, has one recommendation
To all the boys of Paddy's nation—
That this farce and its tight young actor
Are both of Irish manufacture.
So as its th' order of the day
To encourage such, in every way,

I hope this little specimen
 Come from a native young bard's pen
 Will meet the favour—(its no cut)—
 Of ever great "*Professor Butt.*"

So then Dear Dan, this little thing
 (To rogues a fiery Scorpion's sting)—
 I offer for old Ireland's weal,
 And for the cause of sweet Repeal.
 'Twill make the boys, perhaps, to smile—
 'Twill give instruction all the while—
 'Twill gall some Union Tory foes
 And sting Lord Stanley in the nose—
 Aye—may be, much more so than prose.
 So while he's brooding o'er his bill,
 Dull care and time we'll try to kill;
 And, may be, 'twould not be for ill luck
 That CROHOORE cuts them with his Billhock.

Besides, dear Dan, our Isle of yore
 Was fam'd for Bards and songs Galore;
 And once within old Tara's walls,
 The bards were seated in the Halls,
 To abuse and praise, there, in rotation,
 The foes and heroes of the nation.
 And why not bards of our own days
 Sing for the Nation's good some lays,
 And put their shoulders to the wheel
 To move the chariot of Repeal?
 The Painters, Dan, and best Musicians—
 The Churchmen, Lawyers and Physicians—
 In short each Trade, Profession, Art,
 In sweet Repeal now takes a part;

And shall we, Poets, then refuse
 To aid it with old Erin's Muse?
 No, no, we Bards, in love's communion,
 Will sing the curses of the Union—
 We'll all be up to paint, in style,
 This hell-fire curse of our Green Isle;
 And as Crohoore began the song
 We'll have five hundred Bards ere long
 To sing—"down Union—up Repeal"
 And "*slaunta lath, sweet Granauile*"
 So, Dan, my honey, now to you
 I bid a hearty, warm adieu,
 And ever will remain, I'm sure,
 Your "friend and pitcher" poor CROHOOR.

THE ARGUMENT.

The glorious progress Ireland made,
In wealth and power, by FREE TRADE.
The palmy state to which she grew,
From that bright era EIGHTY-Two :
The envy of the proud John Bull,
At Pat's growing rich and powerful :
The Saxon's trick of devilment
To take away our Parliament :
The plans of that keen hell-born wit,
And prince of rogues, call'd Billy Pit ;
Th' infernal pranks, in every way,
Of Ireland's cut throat, Castlereagh ;
And how that pretty boy, Old Nick,
Did plan with them the UNION trick ;
The perj'ry, brib'ry and the blood
That swept through Ireland, like a flood ;
And how they carry'd that d---n measure,
Against the nation's will and pleasure :
Some very handsome hints of note
'Bout how a Lord may cut his throat :
How little twopenny butter-blades
May send great statesmen to the shades :
The warm welcome, people say,
Nick had for Pitt and Castlereagh :
Sing, oh, thou Muse of SLIEVE NA MAN !
And shew poor Pat a bit of fun ;
For even fun may move the wheel
And stir the boys about REPEAL.

Poor Paddy ! as the times are bad
 Let us be merry and not sad ;
 And let us trace, in jolly verse,
 The blood-stained Union, Ireland's curse--
 That hell-fire plan of Saxon foes--
 The fount of all our present woes.

The Reports of Dan's Association
 I'll sing here in complete rotation,
 And let these facts and curious things
 Fly round upon the muse's wings ;
 So that the very school-boy wags
 Can trace the Union for th' old hags,
 And prove it, in the pow'rs of verse,
 To be so red and d—'d a curse,
 That all th' old women who shall hear,
 Will bless and cross themselves with fear,
 I'll prove it bad, and bad *galore*
 As plain as two and two make four.

'Twas Bessy's handy Reformation
 That "play'd the puck" with th' Irish nation,
 For, with its horrid grasping paws,
 And curst No-Popery penal laws,
 Poor Pat was sent (as was said well)
 To Connaught, or t' old Pluto's hell.
 This Reformation was, in th' end,
 To th' English a most sweet God-send ;
 For they set off, with this new trick,
 The Protestant 'gainst Catholic ;
 And, while they cut each other's throat,
 The Saxons stole the purse from both.

Just like pickpockets at a fair,
 They rais'd a scuffle here and there,
 And cried out "*Church*," to make things worse
 And all to come at Paddy's purse.

Dark centuries of dire oppression,
 With faggot, ball, and sword aggression ;
 The shackles and restrictions laid
 On Ireland's commerce and her trade ;
 The national antipathy
 Of sordid Saxon tyranny
 Went all together, hand in hand,
 To ruin Paddy's lovely land.

The gentry all of Cromwell's get
 Got head and heels in heavy debt ;
 Their incomes small—th' incumbrance great—
 Scarce left the deels the price of meat ;
 The trade was crush'd by English laws,
 The poor half-starved by that same cause ;
 The horrid trio, want of pence,
 Black famine, and blue pestilence,
 Danced hornpipes about the nation,
 And spread most shocking devastation.

Such was the state, and worse by far,
 When that great row, th' American war,
 Rous'd Ireland from her death like sleep,
 And made her look a little deep
 'Bout taking, then, some speedy pains
 To burst the Saxon's galling chains.

The French, besides, the sweet "*true blue*,"
 Gave big John Bull enough to do ;
 And John, being in the double squabble,
 Got in the centre of a hobble,
 When Pat tuck'd up and cried for fight,
 "Eg—g, I now must have my right."
 John, dreading Frenchmen as the d—l,
 Got, then, indeed, most tame and civil ;
 And, lest Pat "give him down the banks,"
 He gave it "by the way of no thanks,"
 The dread of Papists was so great
 In seventeen hundred and eighty-eight,
 That Parliament, not *a la mode*,
 Relaxed the bloody penal code,
 And granted, from intimidation,
 A trifle of Emancipation.

The Irish nation, also made
 Great noise about its crippl'd trade ;
 And, after scuffles for some years,
 The glorious IRISH VOLUNTEERS
 Succeeded mighty well, in fine,
 In seventeen hundred and ninety-nine,
 T' extort FREE TRADE from big John Bull,
 With beef and passion, then brimful.

On trade and commerce of our isle
 Prosperity did sweetly smile,
 Until the glorious EIGHTY-TWO
 Brought on an era bright and new,
 By forcing from the Saxon crew

An independent Parliament,
Despite of all their devilment.

But, now, to shorten this narration,
'Twas wonderful how th' Irish nation
Did flourish from that glorious day
Until the Union's cursed sway,
In commerce and in manufacture—
In agriculture, architecture—
In every science, every art,
That could both wealth and power impart,
Did she improve, in that short time,
Much more than any earthly clime.

This golden age, now, by and by,
Old England view'd with jealous eye,
And saw that Erin, by her side,
Was riv'ling British wealth and pride.
This gall'd th' old Lady to the quick
And made the jealous d—l sick;
And in her anti-Irish spleen,
She cast an eye at College Green,
And said—"oh, that *damn* Parliament
Its that that breeds all discontent
And causes all this devilment.
I must contrive, by schemes or strife
T' extinguish it, or lose my life
I'll bring it over, if I can,
To London, here—(aye, that's my plan,)
Where they can't budge, but at my beck,
By larger numbers kept in check."

'Twas base and cruel jealousy
 Of Ireland's bright prosperity
 That first excited Saxon spleen
 Against the House in College Green.
 Old Ireland's growing strength and pride
 Stuck, like two thorns, in England's side—
 Vile envy, envy, that curst sin
 That first came up from Hell within
 And made the Devil (horrid vice !)
 First ruin man in Paradise.
 Oh, envy—monster, foul, unblest !
 First born in the Devil's breast—
 In England nurs'd and now caress'd !

This fact a very sweet cock-trush,
 (Now styl'd the great Chief Justice Bushe)
 Did sing in notes (oh ! mighty big !)
 Before he wore the Judge's wig.
 His words are these (they're very nice
 When mix'd up with poetic spice) :—
 The Union is a "hell-born creature---
 Denial of the rights of nature
 To a great and loyal powerful nation
 By reason of her prosperous station——
 INTOLERANCE OF PROSPERITY——"
 His nicy words in verity.
 Thus sang this Anti-Union thrush
 Once from his Irish cozy bush.

But what he'd call it, now, in French,
 In his snug Court of High Queen's Bench,
 'Tis not for *Crohoore* her to tell--

Repealers know it mighty well.
 'Tis wonderful how sweet-tongued hecks
 See things without big wigs and specks ;
 But, when they wear these trappings long,
 They see wrong wright and wright all long !
 But, now, the order of the day
 Is just that of the Vicar of Bray,
 Who said (and may be he was right—
 At least, in one most useful light—)
 “Whatever king will rule the day, Sir,
 Gog I'll be always Vicar of Bray, Sir.

Though some had talked of it of yore,
 In seventeen hundred and ninety-four,
 The Union plot quite ripe did get
 In *Billy Pitt's* deep Cabinet.
 This fact is proved, as people say,
 From documents of that same day.

Now, all Prime Ministers are bad,
 But Billy was the d—l's lad—
 A d---n deep smooth designing fellow
 Well tinctur'd with the Orange yellow---
 A lad that could put on a face,
 Just like an Angel full of grace ;
 And under this, well play the knave,
 As if he had no soul to save---
 So deep in schemes and hellish wit
 That he was just, “*Bottomless Pitt.*”—
 A neater imp of Nick's communion
 Could not be sent to plan the Union,
 Now, Billy just to play the D---l

Pretended to be mighty civil ;
 And after, for conciliation,
 Lent Lord Fitzwilliam to the nation.

The Union, then, was gently mooted,
 But Ireland at the thing all hooted,
 Till Lord Fitzwilliam went away,
 Recalled by schemes of Castlereagh.

Lord Castlereagh, the Tories' joy,
 Was an Irish Northern Orange boy,
 In whose fine veins their ran a flood,
 Of real Beresford black blood--
 By nature he could not be good.
 A bold, a reckless, blushless wight,
 Wh' 'swear right wrong, and wrong all right---
 Ambitious so that God's own grace---
 And God himself he'd sell for place---
 A fellow who to spite a priest
 Would crucify aye---Jesus Christ---
 A man who deem'd it gospel good
 To gloat on seas of Papist's blood---
 A villain who'd at once, descend
 To monstrous crimes to gain an end.

This fellow, by some clever hit,
 Scrap'd some acquaintance with Bill Pitt,
 And got to be, by Billy's prate,
 Th' Irish Secret'ry of state.

The two twin D--ls, in communion,
 Began to plan the cursed Union ;
 And both were pledg'd, by Heaven and Hell,
 To do the job, and do it well.

One night, in Pitt's house as its said,
 When London folks were snug in bed,
 The two *awlawns* sat o'er a bowl,
 Bibbing champagne with flowers of soul,
 And planning in most deep communion,
 How they could carry th' Act of Union.
 There was some difference of opinion
 Between deep Billy and his minion—
 Bill was for peaceful schemes, for good—
 Lord C. for open force and blood.
 The one being cunning as a cat,
 Was straining nice at every knot;
 The other, dauntless of such trammels,
 Was gulping down the hugest camels;
 But each, in his own way, was bent
 T' extinguish th' Irish Parliament.

Now, with his long attentive ears,
 "Old Nick" was list'ning to those seers;
 And at the key-hole said—"By hell,
 The fellows reason mighty well!
 But, still, a little hint or two
 From me, and, then, the job will do.
 As Paddy says, when Nick "th' ould fellow
 Had seen the "*boughals purty* mellow,
 He popp'd in neatly, as they say,
 Shook hands, and kiss'd Lord Castlereagh;
 And Nick of course, then, in a whit,
 Was introduced to Mr. Pitt.
 Nick, with a scrape and leering eye
 (Just *a la mode* of neat "Paul Pry,)

Said in a brilliant interlude—
 “Gentl’men, I hope I don’t intrude—
 “Oh, no—dear no!” exclaimed the pair,
 “A thousand welcomes, oh, my dear!
 We even want you badly here.”
 “Indeed—indeed,” then said the Devil,
 “Oh, gentlemen, your mighty civil—
 And rest assur’d, another day
 Your kindness I shall well repay;
 And, if my hints would serve your ends,
 Your welcome to them now, my friends.”

Now with the gout of old Tom Paine,
 The three fell at the good champagne,
 And open’d, in most deep communion,
 Their various schemes about the Union.
 And, certainly, to brew bad weather
 Three bigger rogues ne’er met together.

Nick, verily, did make a hit,
 By beating down the qualms of Pitt,
 And making him go all the way,
 In bloody schemes of Castlereagh.

Pitt said in th’ end—“For th’ Irish nation
 My plan is keen conciliation—
 It’s better, safer, aye, by far,
 Than open fraud, or force or war;
 For force would make them, each one knows,
 For ever after bitter foes.
 But promises made to the nation
 Of Catholic emancipation—

Good place and pension to the others—
 Will make all parties loving brothers ;
 And thus will men of each communion
 Be all brought over to the Union."

Says Castlereagh—"Once, aye, and more,
 Why, g—g you tried that plan before,
 And though you sent your feelers round,
 Few for the Union could be found.
 There is no plan, now, half so good
 As bribery, perjury, and blood—
 Blow up rebellion—crush it then—
 Send in some hundred thousand men—
 Put all the nation in great awe,
 By rigid, bloody, martial law—
 Cry out, the rebels of the nation
 Are bent for Ireland's separation,
 And that there is——this being th' intent—
 No safety there for Parliament—
 Bribe, then, the members of each House,
 And all opponents out then chouse—
 This done—'twill then be known and seen—
 You'll force it off from College-green."

Nick, hearing this, said with delight,
 "What you say, sir, is very right.
 And now, I think, that any man
 Should be for your most d—d good plan.
 And, as to that conciliation,
 Its only laughed at by that nation.
 The spirit of French Revolution
 Is their against your constitution ;

And 'twont be hard, with coin and bullion,
 To kick up, then, a snug rebellion.
 The Irish boys are mighty frisky,
 And can be caught with bribes and whiskey ;
 And, if you just but let it on
 For *eleven months*, you'll see some fun.
 Plan in the North—set on again
 The Ribbon and United men—
 Let nice keen fellows be in pay,
 To swear them in on every day,
 And swear them you, good Castlereagh.
 Kick up the dust—then shoot and rip,
 Hang up, transport, imprison and whip—

And, when the terrors of the law
 Will have the nation all in awe,
 Propose the Union for their good—
 They'll take it after so much blood.
 You can—indeed, good Mr. Pitt,
 Then make another clever hit—
 Pshaw ! bribe the Parliament with tact,
 To vote all for th' Union Act ;
 For, d--l a such a rotten set
 Of venal rogues I ever met—
 Their country and their souls they'd sell--
 Oh ! never fear---I know them well.
 Don't scruple, Sir, such things or scenes
 " For th' end doth sanctify the means."
 So say all holy, good Divines---
 It's plain as that the sun now shines.
 Again---you serve, by such a thing,

Your God, your country and your king ;
 And, by such good done for your nation,
 You'll surely work out your salvation.
 Oh ! lose no time---don't longer lurk---
 "A good beginning is half the work.---
 And I'll assist and set things right---
 WE'LL MEET AGAIN- -gentl'men, good night."

As Nick stole, sweetly, out the Hall
 With laughing did he nearly fall,
 While saying nicely in his sleeve
 "In God or Devil they don't believe---
 Two bigger rogues or deeper fellows,
 Eg---g I'm sure, ne'er got the gallows---
 So much the better---time will tell---
 I'll have the two yet snug in hell.

"Well, now," said Pitt and Castlereagh
 "This is the right and proper way .
 And with the blessing of the Lord---
 Will act, at once, upon his word.
 To hot work, then, the trio went
 (Each head being full of devilment),
 To spread blue blazes through the nation,
 With fire and sword and desolation.

As every preacher, unless vex'd,
 Will first begin and quote his text ;
 So I, too, now will here rehearse
 My text, my chapter, and my verse ;
 And here's my page of revelation---
 The Report of Dan's Association :

“The means by which the Union was carried were these: First, The spirit of revolutionary fury was encouraged! the rebellious disposition was actually fostered, until it was made to explode!! and bitter religious dissensions were promoted amongst all classes of the people!!!”

Report of the Committee of the National Association.

These facts, now, many still alive
Can well remember, if they strive---
These facts are found, with days and dates,
In all the Union's hot debates.
Th' Irish Houses---Commons---Peers---
Fought then about them “blood to th' ears:”
And, during many long moon's phases,
Each House was then “*a house of blazes.*”

The anti-Union, boys, they say,
“Let out the murder” every day,
And brought it home to Castlereagh;
And even he, and all his host,
Of it did sometimes make a boast;
“And who the d—l, to be sure,
Could know it better,” says Crohoore.

But here's the fact, and here's the brag,
That let the cat clean from the bag---
THE REPORT OF TH' IRISH HOUSE OF PEERS,
As printed in those very years.
'Twas printed, Paddy (mind the date),
In bloody, hell fire *ninety-eight*,
When rogues well knew the country's state.

According to this true Report,
 The "black North" first began the sport--
 'Twas, there the first d--n wisp was lit
 By imps of Castlereagh and Pitt
 Belfast the rendezvous was, then,
 Of all United Irishmen ;
 From this the clans of Semiarrians,
 Of Protestants and Presbyterians,
 Had caught the flame, and, by deep tricks,
 Imparted it to Catholics ;
 'Twas in the "bottom of the North,"
 Each officer of every sort,
 And Colonel made, each month, REPORT
 Of each and every regiment's state
 Of discipline and loyal hate.
 And to remove all *stoukawns'* fears,
 Lads said, "boys! bushes have long ears—
 Take care---hush ; boys be true and wise
 For fear of them d--n Castle spies---
 Walk here upon your "tippy toes,"
 And don't attempt to blow your nose."
 'Tis this pretended guard 'gainst spies
 That threw the dust in Popish eyes :
 And, thousands, there, were daily sworn
 By lads of Luther and Kate Boren,
 While officers and all the rest
 Did take the same United Test.
 "To suffer each hand, 'Mor-o-yah,'
 Nail'd to the jail door of Armagh—*

* It is remarkable that the *blessed* Whitefeet had this very test or password. Whitefootism, therefore, looks very like a squib from the "Black North."

To suffer death for one another
 Aye, sooner than betray a brother,"
 Were two fair pass-words and sweet oaths
 Which Colonels, too, gulp'd down their throats.
 But privacy was in my eye,
 FOR ONE D---N COLONEL WAS SPY,
 Paid by the Royal Treasury.
 And, after every Colonel's Meeting,
 This D---l sent a letter greeting
 To Government, and sold the pass
 On every dup'd United ass.
 A clever Colonel---to a hare,
 The cut of Colonel "*Bruen the Bear*,"
 A gallant, able, well-met pair.
 This boughal, now, I am pretty sure,
 Is getting "*thoughas*," says Crohoore---
 He heads his regiment (that I know)
 In some hot quarters down below.
 And now, I wish him---(not the both)
 The benefit of his own oath:
 That Usker, for that oath, may nail
 His paws to some infernal jail,
 And thrash him with his fiery flail
 With sweet "*Boultawns*" that ne'er will fail.

Of Castlereagh, 'tis said by Teeling,*
 (A gentleman of truth and feeling)
 That, in disguise of meaner sort,
 He stood pot-houses in the North,
 And swore in many a fine fellow,

* Teeling's Personal Narrative.

First making him a little mellow.
 Now, this, which Crohoore thinks is true,
 Is nought to what the lad could do:
 For Nick could not a job so handle,
 Nor hold for him a rush or candle.
 At all events, his well-paid spies
 Were hard at work, in nice disguise,
 With Argus's one hundred eyes.

Now, mark the Irish Government
 At once could stop this devilment:
 But no—they let the fire run on
 ELEVEN MONTHS, to see the fun:
 And all this, Paddy; (mind the sport);
 Is in the House of Lords' Report.

Why did the bloody government
 Delay to check the discontent?
 Ah, just because; (oh! see how true)
 They had this object nice in view;
 This horrid object oh! good God!
 To give long rope and shed more blood!!!
 And gain the union, oh, ramnation!
 By wholesale carnage of the nation;
 A handsome path to bright salvation!!!

Oh! Heavens above! shall I relate
 The scenes of bloody ninety-eight?
 The shooting, hanging and the ripping!
 Transporting, picketting and whipping!
 The butchery of bad and good!
 The orphans' and the widows' blood!

The fire, the sword, the spoliation !
 The spies, the hunts, the infuriation !
 Courts martial and the mock of trial !
 Of all protection the denial !
 The beastly, hellish defloration
 Of Erin's daughters, through the nation,
 And then their horrid immolation ! !
 The babes that savages would spare
 On bayonets lifted in the air !
 The midnight slaughter and alarms
 The clang of blood-stained yeomen's arms ;
 The peaceful villa's desolation ;
 The sanctuary's foul desecration,
 The daisy-vales, and hills so green
 All crimson from the Saxon's spleen !
 The fairest isle—our lovely nation,
 In blood, in tears, in conflagration ;
 Dear Erin ! oh ! no tongue can tell
 The terrors of that curse from hell ;
 Of woes oh, Erin ! what a flood !
 'Tis then you wept in streams of blood.

Pitt in a fit of peaceful malice
 Sent over, then, Lord Cornwallis,
 To bring about, by moderation,
 All Ireland's full pacification,
 And force the union on the nation.
 The thief well saw (I mean Bill Pitt,)

That that was th' hour to make the hit ;
 And then, he looked more smooth than rough,
 And said " I believe there's blood enough."

The lad he sent was up to trap :
 A mighty smooth and polished chap ;
 And, though he nicely play'd the friend,
 The Union, still, was just his end.
 Though some palaver about the lad,
Frank Plowden thinks the man was bad,
 But, certainly, he was not mad.
 At all events, we can't, I'm sure
 Now make him better, says Crohoore.
 But, now, to mend this bloody matter,
 He gave some coaxing handsome chatter,
 And threw cold water on the blaze,
 And left the country much at ease.

Now, when the row was dying fast,
 Out came the union plan at last ;
 And with a very brilliant polish,
 It came from "good Lord Cornwallis."
 But now, as I'm not tir'd or vex'd
 Here goes it at another text :

" Secondly—The second means for carrying the Union were—"The deprivation of all legal protection to liberty or life—the familiar use of torture—the trials by Courts-Martial—the forcible suppression of public Meetings—the total stifling of public opinion—and the use of armed violence."—*1st Report of the Committee of the National Association.*

Now, mark the time the union plan
 Was moved, as is remarked by Dan—
 THE HABEAS CORPUS WAS SUSPENDED—
 And no one's life by law defended ;
 The dread Courts martial at their whims,

Had power over lives and limbs ;
 Most awful torture, every place,
 Was staring people in the face ;
 The jails were full ; the scaffolds red
 With victims, may be dragg'd from bed ;
 The bullet, bayonet, rope and rack,
 Spread terror in their bloody-track,
 And hundred's, too, (there's no denial)
 Were shot or hang'd without a trial ;
 (And yet these bloody curst courts-martial
 Declared, indeed, they were too partial ;)
 The people all left at the whims
 Of soldiers ; horrid devils limbs,
 Of English, Welsh, and Scotch accurs't
 And Irish yeomanry the worst.

The grim courts-martial also spread
 Among the people horrid dread
 Of any thing like fair petition
 Against the union proposition.
 And sometimes those big-whiskered rogues
 Did swear out in their native brogues,
 " God dom my oyes," you traitorish people ?
 We' oll hong you's hoy, Egod, as steeple,
 If you of dom Popish communion,
 Will ope your gobs against the Union."

The legal meetings, all of course,
 Were hinder'd or dispers'd by force.
 In Maryborough and Clonmel,
 And many other towns as well,
 The red coats were in requisition

To slaughter those that dare petition,
 Or whisper any opposition.
 With this Court-martial grim dominion
 They stiff'd all public opinion ;
 And thus did they push on the measure
 Against the nation's will and pleasure.
 The once great Plunkett very well
 Did charge them with these crimes of hell :
 But Crohoore has not will or time
 To put his pretty words in rhyme.
 He told the truth, then, like a clock ;
 He's now a fine old weather-cock.

To run away with Parliament,
 By force without its own consent,
 Might rouse the vengeance of the nation,
 And lead, perhaps, to separation.
 For even then, the Orange faction
 Might jump like Devils at the action ;
 And, may be, kick up such a squabble
 As would put England in a hobble.

The plan was, then, by bribes and pelf,
 To make it vote away itself,
 And, thus, commit a suicide ;
 The plan the rascals did not hide.

None in the commons or the peers
 Except some rotten traitor seers :
 Some scamps who, as the people say,
 Were paid by Pitt and Castlereagh.
 No others spoke or voted, still,
 In favor of the Union Bill.

The plan of Pitt and Castlereagh :
 Was, now to bribe them th' other way
 And verily—the Heaven's be blest !
 This hill-piece far beats out the rest ! !

Thirdly—"The Union was accomplished by the most open, base and profligate Corruption that ever yet stained the annals of any country," -- *Report of the National Association.*

At all religion oh, such gibes !
 Such horrid perjury and bribes !
 Such brazen, hellish, vile corruption
 Ne'er brought a nation to destruction !
 The basest Pagans would eschew it
 The DEVIL HIMSELF would blush to do it.

The Irish Peerage first was made
 Their very market stock in trade ;
 And forty rascals were, by oaths,
 Dubb'd lords to give their Union votes.
 The Bishops, too, when full of negus,
 Played all the pranks of Simon Magus ;
 Each suffragan ran at the notion
 Of metropolitan promotion ;
 And twelve fat bishoprics, they say,
 Were bought or sold by Castlereagh ;
 And every Parson Union fighter
 Was sure to get a vacant mitre ;
 And owls who scarce could give communion
 Were thrust in sees to back the Union.
 The mitre fitted, says Crohoore,

Just as it fits a common wh—re ;
 For each sold virtue and his nation,
 Just with as little hesitation.

The mitre-market 'mong "*the fudges*"
 Was nothing to the sale of *judges* ;
 For rascals, having heads like pigs,
 For Union-votes got judges wigs.
 Now one Chief Justice, eight small Judges,
 And Barons, all of Union grudges,
 Ascended and bedeviled with stench
 Pure justice's sweet snow-white bench.

High posts in th' Army and the Navy.
 Where cheeks would swell with meat and gravy,
 Were offer'd daily (no disguise)
 For Union-votes, and got likewise,
 As were snug places in th' Excise.
 In short, all posts of place and pension
 Were offered with the same intention.
 Place-hunters, then, from all the nation
 Did crowd the Halls to suffocation,
 All ready, sure, to take the bait,
 And sell their souls and Church and state.

The price paid for a union vote
 Is well known by their Market-note ;
 'Twas just this sum, oh, Pat my honey !
 Eight thousand pounds in ready money !!
 A place or Post was, on the clear,
 Four thousand handsome pounds a year !!
 Some stupid fellows took but one

And let the other two alone ;
 But, clever jockies, as there be,
 Won clean, at least, two out of three ;
 And some, the brightest boys of all,
 Got *all three*, nicely, at their call—
 Aye—fellows got, with face most funny,
 The place, the post and ready money !
 I could name TWENTY clever gibes
 Who came at these three Union bribes
 But names are dangerous, to be sure ;
 Its better hold your tongue Crohoore.

Now, as great Grattan once did say
 The brazen rascal Castlereagh
 Said in the House—"among all tribes
 A half a million went in bribes,
 And that, at Pitt's own requisition,
 To break down Union opposition."
 And said the lad most coolly, then
 We'll bribe and give as much again."
 And faith he did, I'm very sure,
 And twice as much, says sly Crohoore.

The traitor, on his Bribery hobby
 Stood in the Parliament House Lobby,
 To know each Member's deep intention,
 And tempt him with a place and pension.
 His flying caitiffs, at his feet,
 Met members on the stairs and street,
 And even ran to Members' doors,
 To offer bribes upon their floors.
 This fact was sung by that sweet thrush

Call'd Mr Charles Kendal Bushe ;
 And Black-bird Plunkett, too, doth add,
 The case was fifty times as bad.

But after all, the Union Bill
 Fared, at next Session, rather ill—
 'Twas kick'd out by the Opposition,
 Who yet sign'd not Ireland's perdition.
 This happen'd in the Spring's decline
 Of seventeen hundred and ninety-nine.

But after this right good defeat,
 The plan the rogues hit on was great.
 Some FORTY Members (who, from oaths,
 Or shame, refused to sell their votes)
 Were hired at last, and out they went,
 Selling their seats in Parliament.
 These seats the Castle, then, confers
 On Scotch and English officers—
 A pack that hated th' Irish nation
 And wish'd the Papists red damnation.
 'Twas this new gang in Parliament
 That carried it in the event.

What right, I ask, had th' Irish Senate
 (I mean the Judases then in it)
 To sell the nation's right for gold,
 As Judas did his Saviour of old.
 But this I leave—(so Crohoore hush !)
 To Saurin, Plunket, and to Bushe—
 The three great Lawyers of the day
 Oft, in the hot debates, did say,

"That th' Act of Union, though a law,
 In conscience was not worth a straw ;
 And that if boys were strong enough,
 A duty 'twas to shake it off"*
 And that such hands stained with pollution
 Should not dare touch the constitution—
 And that a frantic maniac owl
 Might just as well try kill his soul,
 As Parliament, by such a Bill,
 That Constitution e'er to kill—
 Enthroned in hearts of every station
 Immortal as the Irish nation.
 The Union extortion, to great length,
 From Ireland's weakness by England's strength—"

Their talk is clever, to be sure,
 But faith it's plain to poor Crohoore—
 Aye—plain as any church or steeple—
 The rascals should not sell the people.
 And if vile England, in her might,
 Did buy from them the people's right,
 It's stolen goods she knowingly bought :
 From robbers, who cut th' owners throat,
 Which got, I'm sure, a cut from both.
 The case, indeed, is even worse—
 The bargain is not worth a curse.
 So let her, then, make restitution
 By giving back our constitution ;
 If not—by all that's just and pure,
 We'll make her jump, says brave Crohoore.

* See in the Report extracts from the speeches of Saurin, Plunket, and Bushe.

At this time, also, by their tricks,
 They nicely duped some Catholics ;
 For Dr. T————y and other Prelates,
 With some good laic Catholic zealots,
 Were told that lov'd Emancipation
 Would soon be granted to the Nation.
 To gain the folks of that Communion,
 Pitt often said, before the Union,
 That when 'twould pass, as sure as Heaven,
 Emancipation would be given.
 As time well prov'd, this talk so civil,
 Was like a promise from the D—l :
 For, when the Union pass'd by tricks,
 They laugh'd and scoff'd at Catholics.
 Though this was cruel, to be sure
 They just deserved it, says Crohoore ;
 For why did Catholic Rapperies
 With blood and bribes before their eyes—
 Aye—why did nob's of that communion
 Get up Petitions for the Union?—*
 Or why, for hope of Emancipation,
 Thus sell the birth-right of the Nation—
 Though th' end be good—the means were bad
 And never should be used, by dad ;
 And as Divines, they were most hollow,
 To do what's bad that good might follow :
 From innocence—(I hope not malice)—
 They backed the scheme of Cornwallis—
 But Castle visits, I am sure,
 Are very dangerous, says Crohoore.

* See Plowden's History of Ireland, and also his Historical Review.

At last came on that fatal Session,
 The source of Ireland's dire oppression ;
 'Twas held, poor Pat, (oh, year of fate !)
 Cursed eighteen-hundred is the date.
 Both Houses, now, being brib'd with tact,
 Again came on the Union Act ;
 And, after many horrid squabbles,
 And duels and some pretty hobbles,
 The Bill through all its stages went,
 And pass'd each House of Parliament.*
 The Scotch and English officers,
 The new Lords in the House of Peers,
 Th' Irish placemen (oh, the crew !)
 That carried it by vote all through.
 As most of those, aye, long since, went
 To sit in Pluto's parliament,
 I wish them snug and warm seats
 For all their brilliant Union feats ;
 And, longer than I'd like to mention,
 May they enjoy, *there*, place and pension—
 And may they soon, to crown their glories
 See there, at last, the present Tories ;
 For as on earth ther're not in grace,
 Go down, they ought; to hunt for place.

On that same year the Union Bill
 Was passed in England by good WILL,
 And, after passing Parliament,
 It got old GEORGE's wise assent—

* The Commons by a majority of 43—the Lord's by a majority of 49—the last division—Commons 69, Lords 27.

And thus became (what revolution !)
Our present *sacred* (! ! !) Constitution.

Thus was it carried (hell-born measure)
Against the nation's will and pleasure,*
By fraud, blood, bribes, intimidation.
Treach'ry, perjury, of th' English nation !
Such reckless crimes reflect disgrace
And shame upon the human race.
Can any right Christian communion
Approve of such a hell-fire Union ?
Why any rascals of those times
Who sanction such inhuman crimes,
And say the Union was a blessing,
(A pity they don't get a dressing),
Deserve to get this holy weather
Some sweet good touches of shoe leather.
But any Catholic who'd say,
" I'm for the Union at this day,"
Is, as I have a soul to save,
A horrid fool, or d---l's knave.
Hurrah ! then, for old Ireland's weal !
Hurrah ! great Dan, for sweet Repeal !
And like you, Dan, your friend Crohoore,
Well loves a chirp from Tommy Moore—
Hem---hem---hem,

" But, onward ! the green banner rearing,
Go, flesh every sword to the hilt ;
On *our* side is virtue and Erin ;
On *theirs* is the Saxon and guilt."—*Moore.*
Repealers ! fly, then, to your station,
While all the place-hunters draw back ;
On *our* side is Dan and the Nation ;
On *theirs* is the vile *Castle hack*.—*Crohoore..*

* 700,000 Petitioned against it and only 6,000 for it. Of the latter many signatures were fictitious.

But now I'll sing a little bit
 'Bout the end of scheming Billy Pitt---
 He blew through Europe, near and far,
 The flame of that tremendous war
 Which loaded England with that debt,
 Th' effect of which we all feel yet.
 Though th' Allies thought to conquer France,
 Still Bonaparte did make them dance,
 And Billy, foiled by Bonaparte,
 Died cleanly of a broken heart.
 The seas of blood, the national debt,
 Cried out against his guilty breath ;
 And, when he ceased to breathe I am sure,
 Old Nick burst laughing, says Crohoore.

But, oh, ye Muses ! sing the day
 That closed the life of Castlereagh—
 He sold his country, as I told,
 To th' English Minister for gold—
 He sold the birthright of the brave,
 And chained poor Erin down a slave---
 He made her tears flow in a flood---
 He made her weep in streams of blood---
 He mourn'd the deed---it was too late---
 Conscience told him his future state---
 Remorse---remorse---then tore his breast---
 Despair and terror banish'd rest---
 His thread of destiny being spun,
 The traitor could no longer run---
 He cut his throat and ends his life
 With that mean instrument---a knife---
 One of the two-penny butter-blades

That sent him whistling to the shades.
 'Tis thus he fell---but reader note :
 He first had cut poor Ireland's throat.*
 An awful instance of the doom
 That destiny weaves in her loom
 For traitors to a noble nation,
 And conscience, and their own salvation.
 Thus did the Union's bloody elf
 Revenge his country on himself ;
 And Judas like- -without sweet hope---
 He used the knife---though not the rope---
 And with this *weeny, weeny, knife*,
 He cut the thread of lordly life !!
 His epitaph (I believe boys know it)
 Is written by a fine old poet :

“ *Vendidit*

Hic auro, patriam sævumque DIOBOLUM,” &c.

Oh ! what a pity (shade of Grattan !)
 My granny did not teach me Latin ;
 And if she did, oh ! to be sure,
 'Tis I would whistle it, says Crohoore.
 This little bit I pick'd up, still,
 From Dan the Great, at Croker's-hill,
 And for th' old women of the nation,
 I'm better give it a translation :

This rogue for gold his country sold,
 And carried the d—n Union ;
 But Katty, note—*he cut his throat*,
 And died in no communion.”

But, as it's charitably said,

* In 1822, at North Cray, in Kent, the job was done.—He was then Secretary for foreign affairs.

"Do not speak evil of the dead,"
 I'll let him sleep in sweet repose—
 But where he's gone the d—l knows—
 The Latin of th' above quotation
 I here apply with its translation.
 "Nihil de mortuis nisi bonum"
 "When a rogue is dead let all bemoan him."

Through life's great just, eternal author
 Has fixed his canon 'gainst self-slaughter,
 Yet Crohoore would not dare to tell,
 Whether Lords or Statesmen go to Hell.
 But still suppose, (what harm is it?)
 That they go down there on a visit
 To some old friends that (may be) dwell
 In some fine decent part of hell.
 SUPPOSE then that Lord Castlereagh,
 Politely rambled down that way
 To see that brilliant Union wit
 His friend and pitcher Mr. Pitt :
 SUPPOSE the following conversation
 About th' affairs of the Irish nation ;
 Pitt—Oh, welcome here, friend Castlereagh !
 Pray, what's the best news of the day,
 What strange from Ireland—pray Sir tell—
 Is th' Act of Union working well ?
 But Heavens above—what's this I note—
 Lord ! what's the matter with your throat?
 Castlereagh. Oh ! fiery fiend ! wicked Pitt !
 Is it here thou meanest to play the wit?
 'Tis you, when Premier of State—

'Tis you curs't Pitt that caused my fate.

P. No. 'twas yourself your country sold
To me for place and treasury gold.

C. You---you that tempt'd me, at first,
To sell it---be thou then accurst,

P. But why were you th' wicked knave
To make yourself my willing slave?

To mourn, Sir, is now too late---
Pray, tell me, what is Ireland's state?

C. The Union is the nation's curse;
And daily is it getting worse---
Her gentry gone---her strength decay'd
An end to commerce and to trade---
Her poor three millions---black starvation
In almost all parts of the nation.

The country's ruined---such a scene!
And no compassion has there been,
Since Parliament left College-Green.

P. Well, then, as you and I, God knows,
Are th' authors of poor Ireland's woes:
We're here, at last---sad destiny!
To suffer for eternity,

C. And can it be in yonder flame?

P. Yes; and I'm burning in the same.

C. Shall Statesmen, then, no honor find---
Shall Lords meet mercy of no kind?

P. No; here a coronet of flame
Is th' only honor for that name---

Instead of purple or the gold
The Lords who, 'bove their country sold.
Will here, for ever, wear th' attire

Of Lordly robes of waving fire.
 And for the chains which we have put
 Alas! on Erin's hand and foot,
 With chains of fire shall we be bound
 From head to foot and all around ;
 And to this prison chain'd will be—
 And that for all eternity.

C. Alas ! shall this be our attire—
 Girt round with links and hooks of fire ?
 Curst be that day on which I sold
 My country, Pitt, to you for gold !
 Curst be the Union—curst the man
 Who did the cursed Union plan !
 Curst be the minister of State
 Who caused the blood of ninety-eight !
 Curst be the bribes—curst be the men
 That aided me with tongue and pen ;
 Curst be myself—curst be the day
 That I was born—Amen—I say !

Both. Curst be the union—curst the hour
 That England envied Ireland's power !
 Curst be the heads that planned the flood
 Of tears, of woes, of Irish blood !
 Curst be ourselves,—authors of th' evil,
 But hush, hush ! here comes the Devil.

Nick. Oh, who the Devil are those cursing
 And such most horrid thoughts here nursing ?
 Ho, ho ! good Pitt ! and Castlereagh,
 Arrah ! gent'men, how do you do to-day—
 I hope your both, both warm and well
 You're both d——n welcome here to hell.

You remember lads, when in communion
 On earth, *we three* did plan the union,—
 You did the job—the die is cast,
 You're caught, I have you lads at last.
 P. and C. 'Twas you deceived us, you that made
 Nick. Whist d—n your souls, sure that's my trade.
 Come here, black fellows, with the chains,
 And bring here all your fiery trains,
 We'll tie those rascals pretty well
 In yonder comfortable cell,
 They'll not feel here, the frost or snow—
 Ha, ha, ha, ha, they won't I know—
 Come, come, put on the fiery chains,
 Until I thrash their hides and brains—
 Come, come, get ready Mr. Pitt—
 I'll flail you now, my clever wit—
 And though your phiz looks rather sinister,
 I'll make, you now, my own prime Minister—
 For all your plans against poor France
 By gob, my chap, I'll make you dance,
 And for the d—n big National debt
 You'll get the devil here to eat,
 And for the union, Ireland's curse,
 I'll tan your bacon ten times worse.

At last, ha, ha, Lord Castlereagh !
 Will get it well this blessed day :
 For all the blood of ninety-eight,
 I'll make you Secretary of State—
 And flail you well upon the pate.
 Your trashing will be pretty good

For treachery, bribery and blood—
 And well I'll dress you, 'pon my oath,
 For cutting—fie ! your ugly throat.
 You both shall get it, in communion,
 For that d——n, horrid, cursed union.
 You'll get it, sweet, for all your tricks,
 Against poor Irish Catholics.
 Come here, red devil, with the tail,
 And bring me, here my fiery flail—
 I have it—on my fists I'll spit
 To dress you, Castlereagh and Pitt.
 Now, like yon parsons for the tithes,
 I'll flail you belly, back and sides,
 And tan, like theirs, your Orange hides.
 But what a murder ! (he's so *manly*)
 I have not, now, one belt at *Stanley*—
 'Tis all I'd ask, upon my oath,
 To have him chain'd here, with you both,
 For such three rogues of any station
 Gog ! never curs'd the Irish nation.

But he is sure to come *this* way,
 When I will have him take his *pay*,
 It's then I'll have you, trio, bound,
 In fiery chains, your bodies 'round,
 And Oscar brave, I will on call,
 Who has the heaviest *flail* of all ;
 He is the only Irishman,
 Now, in my regions, under ban,
 Save you, who sold the Irish nation,
 And now, are suffering dire damnation,

Although he got a chance to part us,
 And leave the realms thro' Patricus,
 Yet, before the prescribed time,
 He had not crossed the threshold line ;
 So he is with us—never winched—
 The mightiest man on earth that lived ;
 I'll let him know that you are thieves,
 And Ireland's cursed enemies ;
 Woe ! then, the *three*, such pond'rous strokes,
 As he will deal upon your bones,
 Were never heard the world o'er,
 E'en hell itself, with fear will roar.

All others from that starving nation,
 Instrumental in her devastation,
 Are sure to find a place in hell,
 So, I will place them in this cell,
 In order that the Fenian bold
 Would have them all within his hold,
 To revenge his country's degradation,
 On those hell-birds of damnation.
 When Ireland gains this grand Repeal,
 Whether by agitation, or by *steel*,
 There may be a chance, he'd use you manly,
 So good bye now, till *down* comes *Stanley*.

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